

Take It

Marcel

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Third grade, bell rings
Kamikazes on the playground swings
We teeter-tottered
And played on the merry-go-round
She had it tough, she didn't have much
I said, "Come on over you can share my stuff" Here's my G.I. Joe, my comic book
My grandpa's collection of fishing hooks
My wiffle ball bat, my Dodgers baseball cap
If you like fast cars, sorry this aren't real But we can race my Ferrari Hot Wheels
I'm willin' to give you my bike
If you won't break it
Go on and take it High school, math class
I was failin' 'til she helped me pass
She cheered me on
When I hit the winnin' home run
She had torn jeans and worn out shoes
I said, "What's mine is yours to use" Here's my letter jacket, my high school ring
My locker combination, you can take anything
My autographed picture of Johnny Cash
And if you like rock 'n' roll, then here take these My mint collection of Beatle LP's
I'm willin' to give you my car
If you won't break it
Well, go on and take it A few years later we were closer than ever
Spendin' more and more time together
I took her down to the Stony Creek river
Somethin' more that I had to give her
Here's The key to my house, now it's your house too
Here's some wild flowers that I picked for you
A bottle of wine, it's been aging since '69
Here's a diamond ring my grandma wore She said, "In time you'll find the one it's for"
I'm willin' to give you my heart
If you won't break it

Well, go on and take it
Go on and take it
Take it

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